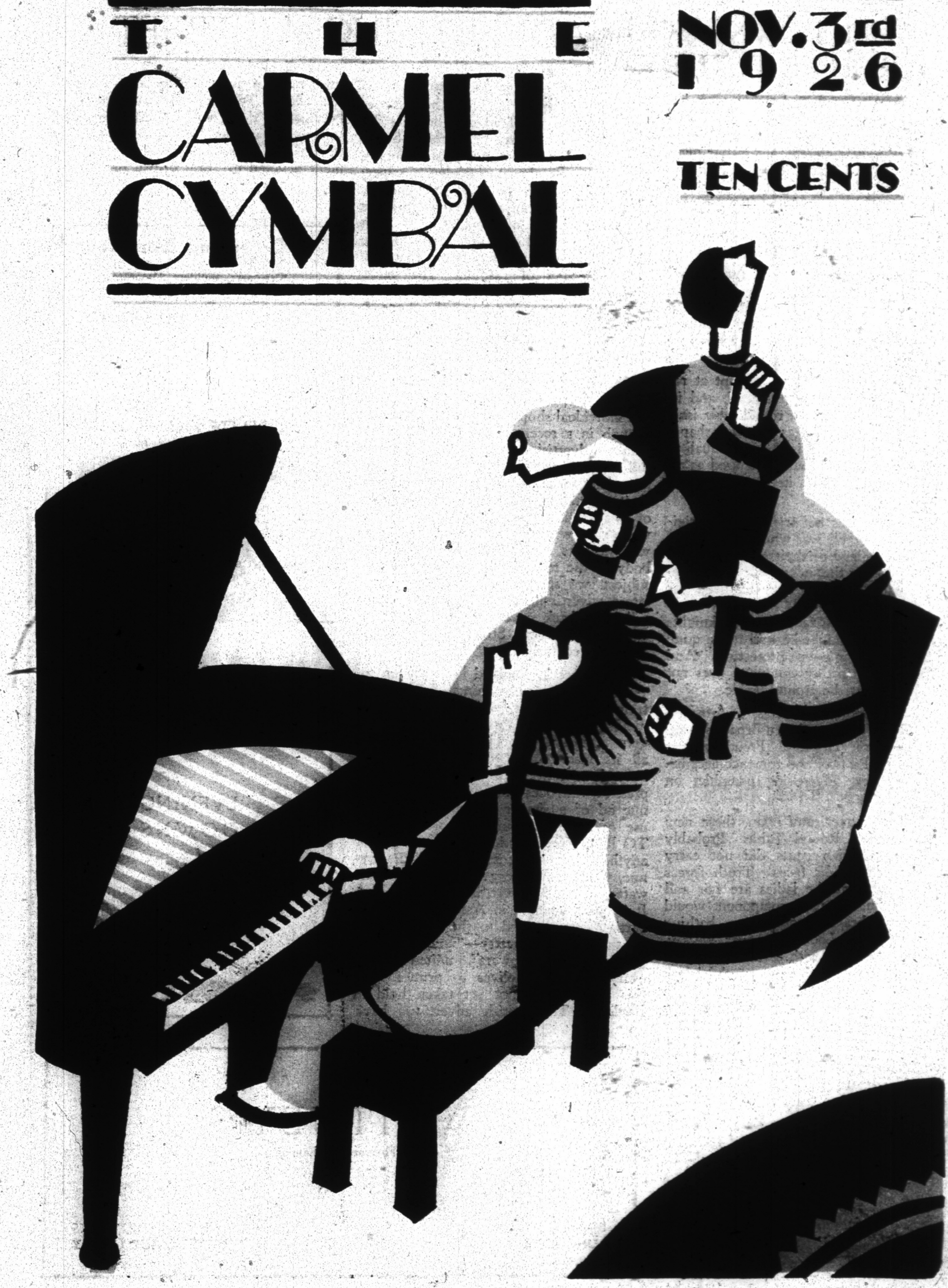
PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

NOV. 3rd
1926

TEN CENTS



CARMEL'S OWN ROUND TABLE

KING ARTHUR'S knights may be dusty in their graves, and the famous round table of the Algonquin in New York a little creaky, but in our own domain, the legendary table has been touched with the magic wand of life and tilts on one of its many legs to give knowing salute. For the round table has once more a use, a raison d'etre, without which no reliable round table could exist.

No castle with wormwood furnishings and Arthurian draughts is Carmel's; rather, a flapper model castle of the Alice in Wonderland period, jaunty, architecturally ribald, a female rake of a castle, a flirtatious serving maid of a place.

Kays' Kastle is Carmel's attempt at resuscitation of the defunct legend, and in this modern version, the round table isn't even round; in fact, it has no given shape. It is typically Carmel in its individuality, and it wasn't until it had been used as an ordinary tea table that its magic qualities were discovered.

If memory does not trick us, the original Arthurian table was where the knights supped and talked of their conquests. But since the vote, the new table sports female knights as well, and the need for rescuing lovely damosels from fiery dragons has ceased. In fact, the lady knights of Kays' Kastle might be said to be quite capable of their own protection. And so the talk of earthly conquests does not have a place at the Round Table.

But the conquest of ideas, of arts, letters and the sciences, has usurped the ancient talk of chivalry. Freud elbows Matisse and Picasso, and romance flees before the latest advertising pamphlet on Sex Appeal.

Look them over, any noon, these new knights of the Round Table. Probably the old Arthurian gents did not carry their valor on their faces. Truth forces us to admit that the ladies are fair and beautiful, but the male component would never give heart throbs at a bathing beauty contest. Look them over, we say, but plug your ears with cotton. For songs are apt to burst forth from youthful lips, songs which must be denied publication in this respectable sheet. And bon mots which would have a place in any New York revue, but which might disconcert the editor's aplomb when translated into cold print. As one of the knights (a lady knight who lances with her pen) remarked, the only way to get the real spirit of a noon session at Kays would be to take a phonograph record of the table talk.

—J. W.

ADVERTISING A STREET

THERE are some streets in the world so well known in fiction, travel and news stories that their names are as familiar as bread and butter. To advertise Fifth Avenue or Boylston Street as streets, or in other words as shopping districts, seems almost ridiculously superfluous. It would be hard to imagine that anyone who can get to New York has not already heard of the glories of Fifth Avenue shops and does not intend to take back at least one purchase from that glittering precinct of fashion. The value of the magic words "Fifth Avenue" is, of course, well recognized by all the shops on the avenue and individual advertisements do not fail to take advantage of the prestige of their location.

The first time we have ever seen a street advertised as a street, with no mention of the individual shops on it, was surprisingly enough in a recent issue of Punch. But Punch advertising is frequently enough full of unexpected delights, though the increasing space devoted to American products is gradually changing the character of its advertising pages. A few years ago, when they were 100 per cent British, they were just as entertaining to read as the body of the magazine! To return to the subject, we started to say that the first street advertisement we ever saw was a full page back cover of Punch devoted entirely to Regent Street as a desirable shopping center.

"No street in England has such an intuition for the right thing. If it comes from Regent street, whatever it be, it is almost sure to be right. Utterly right and very reasonable—for Regent Street with all its instinct and flair, is not dear." Even here the British conservatism irrepressibly intrudes—imagine a Fifth Avenue ad of a similar nature allowing the use of the qualifying "almost"! SURE TO BE RIGHT, and no almost or but or anything else, if it comes from Fifth Avenue, would be the cry of this side of the water. That, however, is beside the point. It is quite common in America to see advertisements devoted to the advancement of the whole industry—"united fruits", 'united coffee growers", united almost everything, from olives to prunes. But this practice has not yet taken hold in England. The British advertisers have stood divided. It is interesting to note this as one of the first evidences of concerted effort. We say "one of the first" because we don't wish to make any rash statements, and we have a vague recollection of having seen recently an advertisement devoted to "Buy British products".

—D. C.

Denny and Watrous

Designers, Builders, Decorators of Homes

Box 282 Carmel, California

FLOR DE MONTEREY

TEA SHOP

Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

FREMONT STREET OPPOSITE MISSION

MONTEREY

TELEPHONE 1400

The Cinderella Shop

EVENING GOWNS

WHITNEY'S

[Formerly Basham's]

BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON

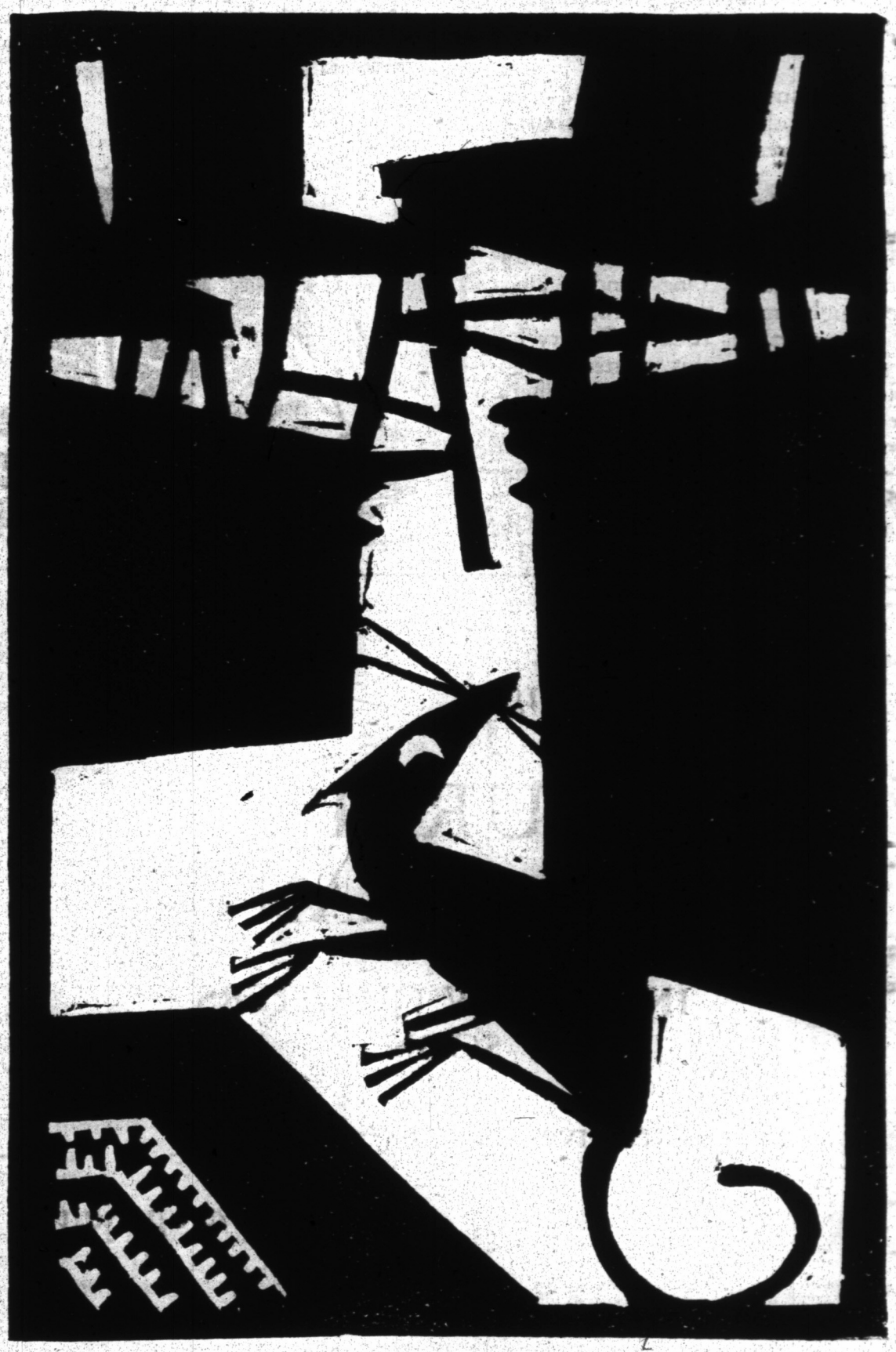
FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

The Saga of Snik
the adventures of a rat

NUMBER THREE

AMONG THE ARCHEOLOGICAL
RUINS AT TILLY'S

I moved next door
To where I tarried
Furniture galore
Was sold
The species varied
Some had mold
It should be buried
I went away
My name is Snik
I couldn't stay
It made me sick



Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

ROBERTA BALFOUR
MODERN ART STUDIO
Seventh and Lincoln Carmel

GENERAL
MORTGAGE
COMPANY
Of San Francisco
Building Loans
R. H. BOWEN
Monterey County
Representative
Corner Ocean and
Lincoln, Carmel
Telephone 271

HOMES AND BUILDINGS
I have constructed in Carmel form a record of which I am proud. They constitute performance that speaks much louder than promise. I will gladly confer with you on designs, plans and specifications.
PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

Old Cabin Inn
Lodging with or without meals. Chicken Dinner Sunday and Wednesday.
El Camino Real
Carmel
Telephone 166W

NEXT ARTS AND CRAFTS PLAY TO BE 'ONE OF THE FAMILY'

"ONE OF THE FAMILY", a comedy in three acts by Kenneth Webb, will be the Thanksgiving offering at Arts and Crafts Theater.

"One of the Family" is a gay comedy of what happens when a newly married man's family feels that he cannot start a household of his own without its presence and help. Around this situation Kenneth Webb has written a play of clever characterization, witty dialogue, pointed satire—and toward its end a worked-up climax of almost painful mirth.

Comedy unfailing in its power to produce laughter is indeed a rarity and "One of the Family" offers that together with its other excellences.

The play has proved a huge success in New York, with both the critics and the public, and at the present time is playing in Boston.

Director George Ball promises several new Carmel actors and actresses in this cast, and Rhoda and Dick Johnson are already at work on the sets.

When making your plans for the Thanksgiving party, don't forget "One of the Family". The dates are November 25, 26 and 27.

FLANDERS SAYS DEMPSEY LOST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Paul Flanders, who recently returned from a trip to the East, during which he was one of a few million who sat in a shower bath and watched the contest between a Mr. Tunney and a Mr. Dempsey at Philadelphia, makes the unofficial report that the latter gentleman was beaten before the first gong.

"Dempsey was scared, and the nonchalance and apparent indifference of Gene Tunney in the ring before the battle was what scared him," says Flanders. "Dempsey entered to the greatest roar of a crowd I ever heard or believed could be possible. He took his place in his corner and then looked over at Tunney. Tunney had not even looked up, in fact, was apparently oblivious of Dempsey's arrival in the ring. And around Tunney, as the challenger was deliberately, but casually, putting the tape on his hands, stood uniformed officers of the United States Marine Corps. Dempsey looked for a minute or two, frowned slightly, and then began the operation of putting on his bandages. He did it jerkily and clumsily. I believed he was beaten right there. Tunney, as the saying goes, had 'got his goat' right at the start."

Flanders said that getting out of that stadium and to a bed was a mere matter of about six hours, but he finally made it. The chance of getting to New York that night was not only slim, but non-existent.

"But it was a great fight," Flanders says, "The greatest I can ever hope to see."

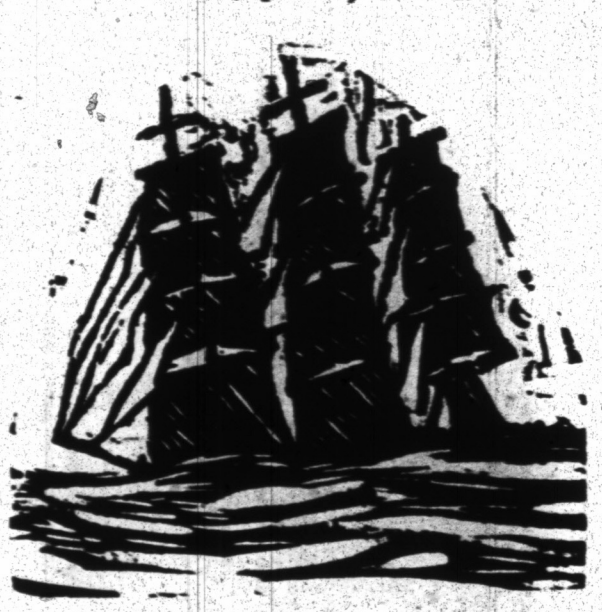
WHY DO THEY?

Once a man is famous why do they have to drag up everything he ever wrote and publish it, regardless of when it was written, and what is more important, **how?** When a living author is concerned, then the responsibility, of course, devolves upon him; the matter is one for his own conscience and probably depends largely upon his financial circumstances and how greatly he is tempted. When the author is dead and cannot have a say in the matter, zealous friends and admirers often make themselves responsible for the step which the defenseless writer himself would never have sanctioned. One can only hope that such would have been the case could Swinburne have been consulted about publishing his poems of childhood, just issued under the title "The Springtime of Life". The following review of the book by the Saturday Review of Literature suggests that this is one of the times when it would have been better not to have attempted to add to the laurels of so well-belaureled a poet.

It was one of the many odd traits in that paradoxical being, Swinburne, that the presence of a baby transformed him at once from a hymner of Lilith and a hater of Zeus, Jehova, and earthly Kings into gushing, cooingly sentimental, and wholly intolerable old maid. One wonders, since he caught most things from books, if he caught this trick of literary baby-worship from his master, Hugo. He must have caught it somewhere, for if one may judge from his verses about them, he seems never to have observed a human baby. Apparently he was unable to do so. With a baby in the neighborhood, all his swooning faculties could make out was a sort of whirling pink cloud composed of rosebuds, seashells, dewdrops, swansdown, flamingo feathers, and the feet of doves.

We cannot feel, therefore, that Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose piety as a friend is responsible for the present collection, has really done the inevitably waning fame of Swinburne much service. All his worse faults as a poet are to be found here—his prolixity, his continuous shrill harping upon two or three notes, and the like; together with the added fault of sentimentality, of sheer maudlin mush and gush, not elsewhere characteristic of this great, yet so limited, lyric master.

However, as an ornament for a library table, if you possess that kind of a library and table, we presume this book may be recommended. It is well made, neatly printed, and charmingly if sentimentally decorrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham. In short, if you have a lingeringly Victorian maiden aunt your Christmas problem is very prettily solved.



it won't be long—

CURTIS
RESTAURANT

IN ITS NEW QUARTERS
SOON

Attractive—Homey—Servicable

—Waffles a Specialty

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1926
VOLUME II NUMBER 18

Notes and Comment

THERE visited us last week a woman who is furthering in California particularly, and generally wherever she chances to go, the progress and the principles of the "English Speaking Union". The three words were only words to us, standing for a name but connoting little, although we had seen them in print on several occasions. Miss Julia Heyneman, honorary secretary of the Union in California, told us much about the organization—much that aroused a sort of pride in our own people and much that accentuated our disgust for them.

Although Miss Heyneman endeavored to give us the opinion that the Union is a positive organization, she very clearly showed us that it was founded on a principle of defense. It is designed really to protect the English-speaking people of the world from the harsh criticisms of the rest of the human mass—criticisms that are so often justified by the persistent ill-breeding of our own people in their journeys throughout the world.

The Union was born just at the close of the war when Americans and British meeting in London were suddenly reminded by one of their number that with the end of the conflict they would again drift apart and lose the advantage that had been gained by their daily conferences and their daily melding of ideas and concepts. "Why should we drift apart?" some one asked—I believe it was Putnam, the American publisher. And it was decided that the drift, or rift, should not occur and the English Speaking Union was formed.

What does it do?

Well, do you realize that France is hating us today not because of a financial misunderstanding grown up out of the debt altercations? As far as we Americans are concerned she is hating us because we are so patently Americans.

"Over there in France," Miss Heyneman said, "we are acting so ridiculously on our travels. You know that it should be the thought of one entering a room where a death has occurred to lower one's voice and to step lightly. We are not lowering our voices in France, we are not stepping lightly. We are noisy. We consider Europe our playground and we go over there and play so hard and so raucously. We are so fluent in our advice to France. We so blindly treat the wonder of her rejuvenation. In the 'few years after' in San Francisco we were awed by what that city had done in the wake of the catastrophe of 1906. France has rebuilt city after city, county after county until where the war stalked and left barren waste, there are today no indications of the holocaust."

In other words, Miss Heyneman showed us so plainly that we are so important in our bearing, so certain of ourselves, so oblivious to the worth and character of others. We need the English Speaking Union to throw out a defense for us, to offer excuses for us; perhaps to explain to those whom we insult by our ill-breeding that only a generation or so before we were living in shacks while our fathers were building incipient fortunes in the manufacture of soap, or chocolates or gasoline wagons.

Some one in Carmel, recently returned from Europe, remarked that she was ashamed of being an American when she saw her own people in the hotels and on the streets of France and Spain and Italy.

Perhaps the English Speaking Union can do something for us in smoothing over the rough places we have kicked up. It is a pity that it can't start a school which we could attend before we journey into the lands of other people and do our country so much harm by our noise and lack of culture.

* * *

THE SAGA OF SNIK seems to have started a great deal in the game of hare and hounds. Along comes somebody and puts a cat on the trail of

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

THE TERRACE
of THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Now Open!

Luncheon - - - - - - - 11:30 to 2
Afternoon Tea and Coffee - 2 to 5

EVERY DAY
EXCEPT SUNDAY

LAURA BROMWELL
MANAGER

OH DO, MAGGIE

THERE is a certain hell-sent bull ring in Mexico City, Colonia Roma district, with the nerve-racking name of Plaza de Toros "El Toreo". At this bull ring veritable one may find the most luscious pastimes and other blithesome gaming of solid nature in Mexico City. The blood and the entrails there are of such a nature to turn the least hectic soul into a spasm of delirious pandemonium.

And Maggie—Oh deux, oh deux, oh do bring it to Carmel. We have nothing like it here, Maggie. The nearest approach to it is the Abalone baseball games, horseback riding and swimming. These are admirable and charming sports, but, Maggie—stop and think of the soul's craving. Just to view from Ocean Avenue the killing of a bull, tra la la, and swear at the Toreadors or sing at them and throw oranges or hats at them as the case might be. Think of it, Maggie!

There are other bull rings in Mexico, at Juarez, Guadalajara and Colima but none of them have the charm as this establishment where one can purchase tickets—Luneta $4—Sombra $2.50—Sol $1. At the less charming places they kill only one bull during the performance but at the delightful "El Toreo" they kill six bulls. They deux, they deux, they deux,

And, Maggie, Carmel is so foreign. It's the most foreign town in America. Really it is and if we could make it more foreign we wouldn't have to go to the other countries. I wonder if we couldn't provide Carmel with a bull ring in true Spanish manner or am I cross eyed? Really, Maggie, I am so bored with Carmel because it is so much like Carmel. Couldn't we establish the great French sewer system? It would make me feel so much at home—I mean Paris. It would mean such a different odor—such a different fragrance than the common scent of pine and sea. Really, Maggie, Carmel should imitate Paris, London, Berlin, Pekin and Mexico City. If we couldn't have a bull ring or French sewer system, couldn't we have jinrickshas? Automobiles are so common. Oh Maggie! Deux build a wall around the town and have soldiers walk on top of it like they do in the Nile country. If the people would only be different. The people—they should be more foreign. They should wear sombreros and cloaks and serenade their sweethearts from beneath balconies; there are such nice balconies in Carmel. They are a genuine imitation of Latin country balconies and the ladies should wear roses in their hair and toss them to their passionate moonlight serenading songsters and strummers or plucksters.

And Gus should ride to duty and collect taxes in long black trousers and tunic with a sword dangling at his side. There should be beggars on every corner. Couldn't you import some beggars, Maggie? Oh how I miss those starving bony wrecks! I deux, I deux. The language should be changed from English to the use of all the popular idioms of all the languages and the menus in the tea rooms should be printed—Soup in Chinese, Salad in French, Meat in German, Vegetables in Spanish, Drinks in Scandinavian, Dessert in Russian or have I got pink eye? And if there are not enough dishes for languages don't give in to the languages but make up more dishes. And there is one more request, Maggie—deux, oh deux bring me an idol to worship. I must have something foreign to bow down to.

—Harold Hestwood

Carmel
CLEANING WORKS
EXPERT CLEANING
AND PRESSING
W. C. FARLEY
TELEPHONE 242
DOLORES
NEAR OCEAN CARMEL

LOST—on Sunday, police pup, without collar, brown with dark markings. 4 months old. Kindly return to W. H. Orrick, Pebble Beach (phone Carmel 343) and receive reward.

Staniford's
DRUG STORE
Prescriptions
our Specialty
TELEPHONE 150 CARMEL

Studio
Gown Shop
MISS KATZ HAS RETURNED
from an extended buying trip in the East, with many interesting and delightful models.
Sizes 14 to 44
Miss ANNA KATZ
Court of the Golden Bough
TELEPHONE 30

CARMEL
Tea Garden
LUNCHEON, TEAS AND DINNERS
BRIDGE AND PRIVATE PARTIES CATERED FOR
ORDERS TAKEN FOR FRUIT AND ANGEL CAKES, ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
Garden Closed on Monday
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH
TELEPHONE 366

ADVENTURES IN EATING IN

THE MEAL was progressing with unusual smoothness until—

Father, "What's the matter, son, aren't you hungry?"

Junior was looking off—way off. He saw something beyond the walls of the dining room. His eyes widened and—

Mother, "Aren't you going to finish your meal?"

Junior came to. "I've had plenty."

Mother, "But you haven't even touched your vegetables."

Junior, "I don't want 'em."

Father, "Eat your vegetables or you can't go to the show tonight."

That was different. Junior picked up

"Junior strained every muscle to get out of the house."

his fork reluctantly. "But father—"

He got no farther. Father's glance was final.

Junior finished his vegetables.

Little sister, "Which show you going to see?"

Junior, "Shut up."

Mother, "That's no way to talk to your sister."

Junior, "Well it's none of her business."

Father, "Which one are you going to see?"

Junior to father from whom the money for the show was to come. "Barefisted Barney of the Ransacked Rancho."

Mother caught her breath. "You ought to see a worth while picture like "Eggs-fried", "Madame Caloryes Hairnet." "Ration" or "Make a Stronghold".

Junior, "But did you ever read the story about Barefisted Barney? It's about a bunch of cowboys that—"

Father didn't care to hear a synopsis, "Here, son, is the money for the show—run along and come straight home afterwards."

Junior strained every muscle to get out of the house.

Mother to father, "You shouldn't let Junior see that trash. You're ruining him for future life. He will grow up to be a criminal."

Father started to read the paper. He had his choice. Read the paper or get into an argument.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ariiving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m. 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

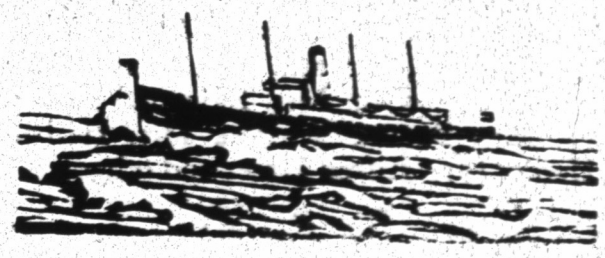
Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.



We make our own
ICE CREAM
It is not shipped in
Try our famous
ICES
Curtis Candy Store

L'AIGLON
Style and Individuality in Hair Bobbing for *women and children.*
Facial Treatments. :: :: Distinctive Hair Dressing.
By appointment.
TELEPHONE CARMEL 76
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF POSTOFFICE
BEATTY HANNA :: GRACE DIVOTO
Personal Attention

Flor de Monterey
FLOWER SHOP
Fremont and Mesa Streets
MONTEREY
TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS
Telephone 928-J
Nursery 748-J

Your Willing Servant

THAT IS WHAT we want you to consider **The Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company.**

Our paramount aim is to please our customers.

If you are pleased, tell others. If there is anything you don't like about our service, tell us.

Call Carmel 178 and talk to our District Agent Mr. Silva or Salinas 57 and talk to our General Manager, Mr. Pollard.

When you are in Salinas, come in and meet Mr. Pollard face to face. He is never too busy to talk to a Coast Valleys Customer.

COAST SERVICE VALLEYS

Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company

THE CYMBAL PRESS NEEDS SOME CLEAN RAGS AND WILL PAY A REASONABLE PRICE FOR THEM. CALL US BY TELEPHONE, CARMEL 13, AND WE WILL CALL FOR THEM.

PERSONAL MENTION

FOLLOWING the concert by E. Robert Schmitz, famous pianist, at the Golden Bough Theatre last Thursday evening, Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous entertained informally at their new studio on north Dolores street. There were thirty or more of their friends gathered to meet Mr. Schmitz who gave the guests a delightful time by playing for them informally. Henry Cowell, also present, presented a "grand opera" as his contribution to the evening's entertainment. Accompanying Mr. Schmitz was his manager, Ida Gregory Scott.

* * *

Jimmie Doud, O. J. Cope, Fred Godwin and Billy Hudson motored to Los Angeles to attend the U. S. C. vs Stanford game.

* * * *

Colonel and Mrs. C. Bennett of Victoria, B. C. have taken a house in Carmel for the winter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton and Miss Anita Doud have gone to San Francisco to see Miss Leslie Thorne, who will arrive on the Corinthian. Miss Thorne is taking a trip around the world.

* * *

Barry Parker has returned to Carmel after a week's visit with his parents in San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLaury, who have been traveling for several years, have taken a house in Carmel and will remain here this winter.

* * * *

Miss Esther Waite has returned to Carmel from Stockton where she attended the wedding of her friend Miss Elise Wagner.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse will leave shortly for the East where they will remain for about a month. They expect to attend the Yale-Harvard football game.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Vander Roest, who have been in Glendale for the past two months, have returned to their home on San Antonio.

* * *

Mrs. Daisy Bostick entertained informally at bridge in her home in the Eighty Acres.

* * *

Mrs. Delmar Call of Los Altos was in Carmel over the week-end.

* * *

Mrs. Imogene Sanderson and her friend Mrs. H. L. Dungan spent the week-end in Carmel.

* * *

Ruth Austin has started her classes for grown-ups at the Arts and Crafts. They promise to be extremely interesting. Her children's dancing classes are growing rapidly.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Halsted Yates entertained informally at bridge Sunday evening.

* * *

Paul Flanders has returned to Carmel after a two month visit in the East.

* * *

Mrs. W. B. Nutter of Stockton will spend this week-end in Carmel.

* * *

Richard Johnson and Miss Patty Johnson went to San Mateo for two or three days on business.

* * *

Miss Vivian Foree spent the week-end in San Jose.

* * *

Dr. A. E. Burton, who left for the East a few months ago, is now in Boston where he expects to spend the winter.

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Hooper and her daughter, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, and Master Dion O'Sullivan from San Francisco are in their Carmel home for two weeks.

* * *

Miss Ernestine Renzal gave a dinner in honor of the second anniversary of Mr and Mrs. Ralph Todd. The guests were the Misses Vivien Foree, Marcelle Radgesky, Katherine Klinkenberg, Mrs. Hilda Argo, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, O. J. Cope and Frank Murphy.

* * *

Jack Sleath, son of Mrs. Florence G. Sleath, distinguished himself in the Yale soccer team in their victory over Dartmouth. He played inside left on the Yale team, scoring both goals.

* * *

Miss Marion Sturgis and Miss Geneva Christmas entertained at tea last Thursday afternoon at their home on Seventh and Casanova. Among the guests were the Misses Esther Waite, Mariam White, Katherine Klinkenberg, Ernestine Renzal, Marcelle Radgesky, Martha Farwell, Pauline Newman, Vivien Higginbotham, Mary Flanders, Seline Delmas, Mary Powers, Jean Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short, Mrs. Jack Orcutt, Mrs. Raymond Brownell, Mrs. Eugene Watson, Mrs. Herbert Heron, Mrs. Alfred Fraser and others.

* * *

Miss Aileen Mackay of Victoria, B. C. was a house guest of Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter over the week-end.

* * *

Miss Esther Waite, who has been living in Carmel for the past five months, has left for the East. She will probably return to Carmel next summer.

* * *

Miss Tilly Polak has returned from a visit to San Francisco.

* * *

Miss Marion Sturgis and Miss Geneva Christmas had as their house guests over the week-end, Miss Veryl Christmas from San Jose, Miss Marie Wilcox of Atherton and Miss Josephine Wertz from San Francisco.

ABALONE LEAGUE NEEDS FIVE HUNDRED

THE ABALONE LEAGUE has begun a campaign to raise $500 to be used to complete the grading of the grounds and the grassing and development of the turf. Emery LaVallee, Monterey landscape artist, has volunteered his services toward the preparation of this work. Having the improvements made will eliminate the danger of accidents to the players of which so many occurred during the season last year. It will also do away with the dust and dirt experienced in former seasons. New backstops and a few other improvements are also very necessary. The following captains have been elected to take charge of the the campaign for funds: Frank Sheridan, Byington Ford, Fred Leidig, Halsted Yates, Tal Josselyn, James Doud, Charlie Van Riper, "Doc" Staniford, Charles Frost, Winsor Josselyn and Bob Leidig.

NEW BOOKS AT THE WOODSIDE LIBRARY

A Deputy was King.....G. B. Stern
Far End.....May Sinclair
Mohammed.....R. F. Dibble
The World of William Clissold.....Wells
My Mortal Enemy.....Willa Cather
Figures of Earth.....James Branch Cabell
The Lake.....George Moore
Death of a Porcupine.....Lawrence
Pablo de Segovia.....Quevedo Villegas
Complete Poems of Francois Villon
Religious Experience and Scientific Method.....Wieman
The State.....FranzOppenheimer
Dark of the Moon.....Sara Teasdale

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SAVE THE REDWOODS

A MAN, part of whose business in life it is to save the redwood trees of California from the devastation of natural outrages and that of commercialism, was in town last week conferring with Dr. D. T. MacDougal, head of the Carnegie Coastal laboratory here, and who happens to be also interested officially in conserving redwoods.

The man is Major David T. Mason and he and Dr. MacDougal work together on the research committee of the Save-the-Redwoods League, which was founded a number of years ago by Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Major Mason makes his headquarters at Portland, Oregon, but he is continually journeying down into this state in the interests of the redwood. At present he is working with producing lumber companies in the matter of conservation and preservation of the great trees, and he reports that he finds the big organizations are ready and willing to work in with the committee. He declares that the lumber companies which control great areas of redwoods are planting two trees where they cut down one.

The main objects of the League are: to save a good supply of the fine old redwoods, 10 to 15,000 acres; to preserve the old growths and to re-forest the land. The League has three nurseries, with Major Mason the consulting forester, and 5,000,000 seedlings growing. The League is now engaged in raising money for funds to buy a park of 12,000 acres of big redwoods in California.

The term "in California" is rather superfluous because it is a strange, but generally known fact that the natural growth of redwood trees is confined to an area which begins at a point only a short distance south of Carmel and extends to the Oregon line. There are only a few acres of the trees in Oregon and they are just over the line.

It is also a fact, which Major Mason says research has shown, that many thousands of years ago the redwood tree was prevalent in all parts of the western hemisphere and to some extent in Asia.

—W. K. B.

THE MISSION OF MARIE

(From The New Yorker)

PROVOCATIVE little Zizi Lambrino sped from her retreat in Neuilly one evening this summer and met strange American journalist, by pneumatique appointment, in the flat of her cousin Russo, Rue Danou.

"Jeanne Valentine," I asked after it had been discovered that we were fated to trust each other, "is your former mother-in-law, Queen Marie, really formidable of mind, seductive of wit, luminous of intelligence and beautiful of body?"

Zizi (how she hates the tabloid sobriquet!) wrinkled her pretty nose and uttered the Gallic equivalent of "betcha life she is!"

"Ah, my friend," she breathed, "Queen Marie is an awesome and a wonderful woman! I am beginning to believe it is best to yield to her. For, try as one will, one cannot thwart her."

Perhaps we'd better accept a woman's estimate of the paradoxical royal personage who now comes to us, frankly loan-hunting and (possibly) match-making.

The smiling, smoking, shingled granddaughter of staid old Victoria lost Lombard Street through circumstances beyond her control. Why not permit her to win Wall Street without a struggle?

I, for one, hope Marie conquers our flinty-hearted financiers. They need a a touch of the lotus. Marie's delicate attar, sprinkled in our richest canyon, may make the bulls less bearish, the bears less bullheaded.

And if alliances for the remaining marriageable children, son and daughter, who accompany her, are woven into the tapestry of her designs, I can only hope her plans mature properly and bear interest!

We shall make no mistake in welcoming this visitor. At once dreamer and pragmatist (though always monarchist of monarchists), this colorful, melodious woman brings to us moonlight nights on the silvery Danube, the splash of soft fountains, the weird, barbaric clash of Tzigane music.

Furthermore, from her slender ankles to her hair of honey, this tall, fine-figured blue-eyed, exquisitely gowned personage gives us something attractive to look upon.

"I always try to look as well as I can," she says, "for the public expects it of me. A natural glamor surrounds a Queen and I believe in maintaining and even emphasizing that glamor. Why should I be like anybody else?"

Come fifty-one years this October twenty-ninth, Roumania's queen decidedly has been like no one else. She was born with the same subtle aloof quality of individualism that distinguished Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. Hence, as she walks through the world with serpentine sorcery, playing diplomatic poker with the cleverest statesmen in Europe, the world applauds and derides.

Have you ever heard of her retort to a socialist who was denouncing the entire institution of monarchy as outworn and fit material for the scrap heap? "Ah," smiled Marie "all very well. But what would you do for fairy tales if there were no kings and queens?" Rather a poser—if you believe in fairy tales.

Marie does. In the silent woods of her summer castle of Pelesch, in a tiny cottage built in the branches of a mighty fir tree, she has composed many fantasies in prose and poetic form.

Sometimes she sits for hours in her green mansion, eyes closed. Her books of poetry and fairy tales have been published—and some of them have sold, not as prosperously as those of her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva), but they have sold. D'Annunzio supports the critic who termed Marie "a first-class beauty and at least a second-class authoress," while Maeterlinck, on the other hand, praises Marie's literary efforts. "Sublime fancies. Pure sweep of her white imagination."

The Queen has also been most prolific in her "collaborations." In the lean years that followed the war, years that were even leaner than the present, Marie found it necessary to capitalize her name and prestige. She endorsed industrial products. She told "Why I am still young." She drew up rules for happy wives—"Get enough at the beginning of the week to last until Saturday." She described her "Ideal Man"—"I want to ride through the great wastes with him. I want to fell trees, swim rivers, climb lonely peaks. I want to share his tent, his fire, his food. I want to lean my head upon his shoulder and hear his strong faithful heart beat."

Marie explained that this description was, of course, purely fanciful. But there is a story, delicately interlarded in the gossip of the cafes along the Rue de la Victoire, in Bucharest, that the tall, melancholy Ferdinand questioned his consort's wisdom in permitting this publication.

Marie's golden hair was unbobbed then. She let it flow, unbound, down her back (they say), robed herself in the barbaric glory of a native Roumanian costume, knocked timidly upon the door of the King's study and knelt at his feet. The King (they also say) capitulated.

Ferdinand is a tolerant man. Ten years older than his Queen and in delicate health, he has gradually permitted her to take over the diplomatic duties of the throne; permitted her also to make excursions at will to her beloved Paris and elsewhere. It is Marie's delight, in paris, to slip away from the Ritz, evenings, with a single escort and go a-peopling.

"I love people," she says. "I love to go where I can meet them naturally."

Montmartre has often seen this woman of autumnal loveliness. In the dance places, strangers have been attracted by her expert, absorbed dancing, and often introductions have been sought. Marie has an unfailing attraction for men. They like to do her service. Not so long ago

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an American motor magnate was traveling in Roumania. He saw a woman, vivid bandeaux about her head, driving a rickety roadster on the outskirts of Bucharest. He was struck by the daredevil way she flipped the wheel and asked her identity. The chauffeuse was Queen Marie. The magnate learned that the royal garage was bare of good motors, and immediately ordered three magnificent cars shipped her with his compliments!

It is said Marie comes to America to "put Roumania on the map." This poetic imaginative intrigante has already found pin space upon the map for her percolating little realm. She began moving Roumania into position when she married Ferdinand in 1893.

Marie was eighteen, first daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, of Russia. Her brilliance of mind and comeliness had already caused comment. A year before she had turned her shapely back upon the tender glances of her royal cousin, George V of England. Ferdinand was then unknown, and Roumania was just a small salad of a nation. Its population, less than 7,000,000 Moldavians, Wallachians, and Dobrudjans, led (as indeed it does today for the most part) the simple bucolic existence described by Virgil.

Now the small salad of a country has expanded into a full banquet from melon to walnuts and wine! For Marie's unmatched skill at the peace conference added Transylvania, Bessarabia and some 10,000,000 additional subjects to the Roumania of her bridal. At the peace conference the Big Four heaped Marie's plate high. And it was her due. For it was she, none other, who turned Roumania toward the allies. Maries proudest boast has been always:"I am an English woman."

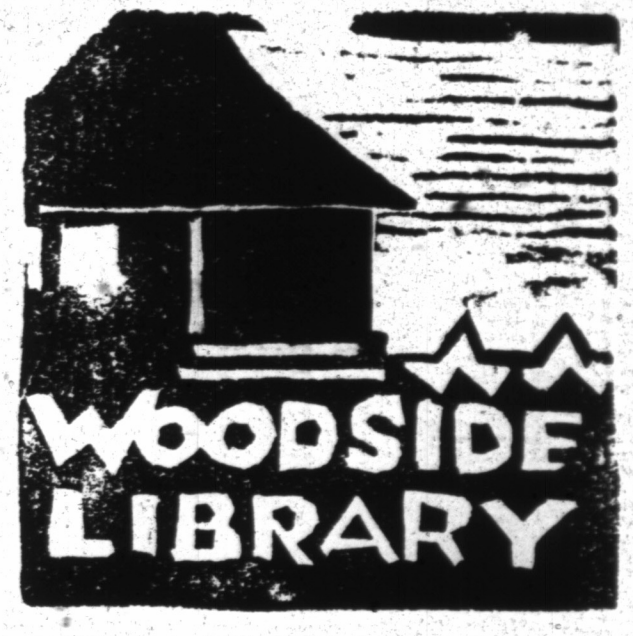
When Ferdinand succeded his uncle Charles upon the Roumanian throne in October, 1914, Berlin and Vienna chortled. The Central Power chancelleries thought it was now certain vacillating Roumania would cast her lot with them. Was not Ferdinand a Hohenzollern, Prussian, trained in the Cassel Military Academy? But King Ferdinand's lovely British-born consort intrigued in the opposite direction and, as usual, dominated. France transfered the young, aristocratic, courtly Count de Saint Aulaire from Tunis to Bucharest. He and Marie won over Ferdinand. And, despite checkered military fortunes, Roumania emerged **almost** a first-class power.

With America's backing and a possible permanent Balkan entente, Marie hopes to gain for her country rank as a **real** first-class power. This is the primary significance of her American visit. Never for an instant, in all the glory of banquets, reviews, receptions, gold lace, and gold plate will this Mona Lisa of the Balkans lose sight of her objective.

Say what you will of her, Marie is a true Roumanian patriot. She is something of a mystic. She changed her religion to marry Ferdinand. Her mixed blood, Saxon, Teuton, Slavic, leaped to the latin lilt of Roumania's semi-barbaric pageantry. She loves the habits and customs of her peasant subjects, and customs rather Oriental.

She dances in vivid sashes, with brilliant wreaths of flowers in her hair. She plays a musical instrument compounded of the drum, the chimes and the violin. She weaves tapestries, paints, embroiders, designs. She leads pious pilgrimages to medieval monasteries deep within the brooding recesses of the forest. Yet, no less experienced a trader than Charles M. Schwab calls her "the shrewdest business woman I have ever met."

So let's learn what Roumania's royal saleslady has to sell and give her the best of the bargain!



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"An American Tragedy" —Dramatic Tragedy?

(From the New York World)

THEY TELL ME that Horace Liveright, our doughty fellow townsman who not only published "An American Tragedy" as a novel but also engineered its present success upon the stage, has decided to attend no more performances of his play. His reason for this stupefying renunciation, it seems, is that the play as performed nightly at the Longacre (matinees Wednesday and Saturday) moves him too profoundly. Each time that he has attended a performance the Liveright depths have been so shaken that next day he was just a wreck.

Now, if all has gone as planned, the mighty Dreiser himself, but recently returned from foreign parts, has at last seen this puppet show contrived from his overwhelming novel. And it would not surprise me a bit to hear that he, too, would refrain from a return visit to the Longacre. Indeed I would even learn without amazement that he had sworn off after the second act. I do not know how perceptive a playgoer Theodore Dreiser is but I should think the mess the theatre has made of "An American Tragedy" would permanently impair his health.

It seems to me a gauche, spasmodic, almost childishly concocted melodrama, preposterously miscast. It is, I might add, a great success. Nor can its conspicuous rush of trade be dismissed as the mere temporary stampede of the ardent Dreiserites to see their cherished book done into a play. After all, the sale of "An American Tragedy" to date comes to something less than 52,000 copies, besides, in the audience in which I was embedded on Thursday night I doubt if one in fifty had ever heard of Theodore Dreiser. Indeed, after listening to the entre'acte chatter and looking at the faces agape and breathing hard in my vicinity, I was moved to wonder whether my neighbors had recently read anything more taxing than the memoirs of the reticent Mrs. Browning. From this audience the capitally written and well acted seduction scene in Roberta Alden's mean little bedroom elicited a hubbub that was neither laughter nor tears nor protest. It was just a chorus of squeals and in a dim light the Longacre rather suggested a large, emotion-swept sty.

To get as many of the bare facts of the book into a play as possible, Patrick Kearny had to pack tight and then sit on the lid. The resultant telescoping of the story has the odd effect of transforming Dreiser's puzzled, storm-tossed, inert bit of American driftwood into an intensive Lothario. Indeeed, as the play, with the nimbleness of a mountain goat, leaped from Roberta's dingy bed to Sondra's pillowy sofa on Thursday night, I could hear the dilettante bookworms around me murmuring: "Gee, that kid is cert'n'y a fast worker. That's what he is, a fast worker. Yes sir, a fast worker."

It seems to me, too, that Morgan Farley was the worst imaginable choice for the central role. That, of course, is a faint exaggeration. One would prefer him, let us say, to Louis Mann in the role. Or Gail Kane. But he does come near to being the exact opposite of the quality which Dreiser's work called for. It is a trifle too much like casting Clifton Webb as Huckleberry Finn.

As every one knows, "An American Tragedy" had its origins in the arrest, trial and execution of an ornery young nobody named Chester Gillette. What led Dreiser into the field of that murder and bade him fence it in as his own was its great normality, its suggestion of disaster happening to folks across the street. This was no Thaw case, lunatic spawn of the white lights, no Leopold and Loeb case, monstrously peopled as with creatures from some nether world. When, twenty years ago, the hapless Chester Gillette pushed poor Grace Brown beneath those whispering Adirondack waters, we were all sick with the sense that it was one of us who had done this thing. And Dreiser, brooding on what unperceived, casual wrong turning must have sent this drifting youth to the death house instead of the brotherhood of Rotary, wrought at last the plodding epic called "An American Tragedy". It is a great book, great in proportion as it earns the tacit subtitle "Even as You and I. "The play called for an actor who would suggest implicitly the average humdrum American youngster. Mr. Farley is a museum piece.

In addition to this natural handicap, his performance seemed to me quite distressing. He is a great one to dart about being wistful with his elbows. And dramatic schools should be led in droves to watch one scene of his as an admonishing example. That is the scene in which

the play tries to reproduce from the book the slow, sick, floundering indecision by which the plan to do away with Roberta rises like a shape of mist in Clyde's miasmic torment.

First Clyde is discovered alone in his lodgings. Enter landlady, equipped with newspaper to read aloud to him an account of a drowning in Big Bittern Lake, a canoe upsetting, a girl's death. As soon as he is left alone, Clyde must seize the paper and read it to himself and, since Mr. Farley is the kind of actor who expresses even mild surprise by wrenching his face out of drawing, you can imagine the playground for the emotions which that mobile face becomes during this reading. A playground? Nay, a Coney Island for the emotions, with merry-go-rounds, loop-the-loops and everything. Then, in case the audience should not be any too bright, Clyde next hurls the paper to the floor, trembles violently, then picks the paper up again with the agility of a slow motion picture, points to the article in the manner of a showwindow demonstrator and even says out loud:"Roberta cannot swim." He then shudders six times. If an intelligence test of subsequent audiences should indicate that even this is insufficient, I would suggest that Mr. Farley then lie face down on the floor and do an Australian crawl stroke as just another helpful hint.

—Alexander Woollcott

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Snik and, wrathy at this, the creator of Snik fashions a dog. Snik appeared for the first time two weeks ago. Last week Mose, the office cat, arrived in pursuit. This week we have Snik, Mose after him and Crunch after Mose. Snik remains in his proper place in the paper, but here in the Notes column we give you Mose and Crunch.

I am Mose
The office cat
To Pinafore
I chased that rat
Among the toys
The chase was wild
A teddy bear
Looked on and smiled
Snik sought the real
And without fail
He found a real cat
On his trail

I am a hound
My name is Crunch
My home is in a pound
There is no meat
In sight to eat
My name is Crunch
And I suppose
I'll lunch on Mose
The Office cat
Who wants to lunch
On Snik the rat

* * *

WE ARE TOLD that there is a laudable motive in the apparent madness of Queen Marie of Roumania; that she is in this country to "sell" Roumania to America, materially and morally. Materially, in the form of loans from American bankers and morally through creating a sympathetic understanding and acquaintance with her land and her people on the part of us here in America. We read that "never for an instant, in all the glory of banquets, reviews, receptions, gold lace and gold plate will this Mona Lisa of the Balkans lose sight of her objective." (This quotation is from "Roumania"s Royal Saleslady" in the current New Yorker which is reprinted in full in this issue of The Cymbal). And further, in the New Yorker article, we are told of what she has already accomplished in "selling" Roumania, beginning with the start of the World War when she threw her country, unexpectedly, on the side of the Allies and brought it out of the contest with about 10,000,000 additional subjects and about as many additional acres of territory. We are told that she has made her country "almost a first-class power" and hopes to make it a "real first class power".

We have intimated a quarrel on our part with Queen Marie, and we are nothing loath to crystallize it into fact. We believe she has the wrong slant on us, a fallacious mental attitude. We are de-

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Notes and Comment

claring this opinion on the assumption that this that we are told is true—that she is here to get something from us for her country, and we do not decry her motive in the least. We believe, however, that her method is all wrong. It is wrong as regards the reaction she will get and is getting from the moneyed class, assumed also to be intellectual, and it is wrong as regards the attitude she is arousing and will continue to arouse in the so called "common people" from whom, we assume she looks for the moral and sympathetic acceptance of the place of Roumania in the sun.

She is disgusting every one in America who lays claim to any refinement and culture by her signed syndicated articles of piffle in the daily press; she is disgusting such people by her vapid remarks to newspaper correspondents and the like. To the elite, of course, a queen is only a human being with regal robes, but a human being of a certain standard of culture and gentility, or, at least, a vestige of high-hattedness that is to a degree desirable. Queen Marie is losing out with this class, this class with the money and the influence, because she is a bit cheap and Hearstistic.

In the New Yorker article you read her reply to the socialist: "But what would you do for fairy tales if there were no kings and queens?"

There she is talking to the "common people" and, as the common people might put it, "she is all wet". You couldn't very well build a fairy tale around Queen Marie and her bobbed locks and signed articles and garrulousness and modernism. It simply wouldn't come out in the Sleeping Beauty mold. Even Cleopatra was delightfully careless and untrustworthy, and the lady who succumbed to the sex appeal of Priam's youngest son was abandoned. Queen Marie is about as far from regal goddess of a fairytale as is a fundamentalist from the throne of God. She is too materialistic, too literal, too modern, too undignified, too real. The stenographers and telephone girls and waitresses and Sunday school teachers can get no thrill out of her as a queen—the Emma McChesney type of go-getters don't resemble queens to them.

Queen Marie may get her loans for her country—they say she has an attraction for men and signing checks is only a common manifestation of capitulation—but she'll get darned little reverence for her throne from the culture of America and less worship of it from the fairytale-loving inhabitants of Kansas and King City.

If Queen Marie of Roumania had come to America and been a queen, and only a queen, we would have respected and admired and, yes, worshiped her, as we respect and admire, and from what we hear from the "common people", worshiped that young fellow from England who is so gorgeously a prince.

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GOLDEN BOUGH TERRACE OPENS

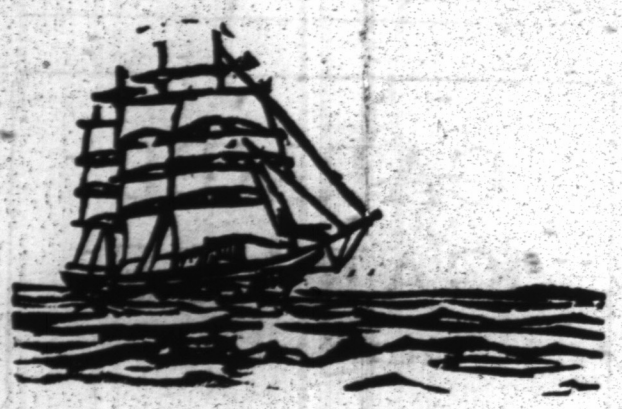
THOSE who have been watching the final preparations in The Terrace of the Golden Bough the last few weeks have seen certain dark and shining tables uncovered, the erection of gay colored awnings and the planting of the last few shrubs in the flower bank. The Terrace, latest of the Golden Bough units, is now open for lunch and tea, under the management of Laura Bromwell.

A distinctly European atmosphere has already made itself felt. The flagstone court, the trailing flowers, the little shops with their friendly balconies are being commented on and entertained over by all who have wined and dined in the out-of-door cafes of the Old World. On days when the mists are a bit too heavy for comfort or when it is actually raining, tea will be served in the foyer of the Theatre.

It is planned to introduce various kinds of European dishes—"petit four", "rote gruetze", "blitz kuchen", "minestrone" and so on If any of the tea room's patrons have some dish near to their hearts which has a foreign flavor, the management of the Terrace would welcome a copy of the recipe.

The garden is charming; the ferns and vines are already climbing about as if they had been planted for years. The walls of the Theatre make a lovely background for the blue and crimson and yellow blossoms. Miss Susan Kirk Davis has done the landscaping.

Luncheon is being served from 11:30 to 2 and tea from 3 to 5. —R.P.



"HOLD THAT LION" COMING TO MANZANITA NEXT WEEK

"Hold that Lion", with Douglas MacLean holding him, or wanting some one else to, is the big attraction at the Manzanita theater during the coming week. "Hold that Lion" is scheduled for Monday and Tuesday nights of next week. Tomorrow and Friday nights the Manzanita offers "Blarney" with Renee Adore and Ralph Graves. Bill Cody in "King of the Saddle" is the attraction for Saturday night, and "The Honeymoon Express" with Irene Rich is the offering for Sunday night.

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ CONCERT INTERESTING MUSICAL EVENT

The concert of E. Robert Schmitz at The Theatre of the Golden Bough last Thursday evening was a very interesting event to music lovers on the peninsula. His program was rather a cold one, and perhaps because of this Schmitz failed to establish any contact with his audience, but the choice was not his own, but by request. This artist's technique is brilliant and profound. His ease and simplicity of style is consummate. As a tone colorist he is superb. Debussy's "La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune" and the "Dance", as well as his "Golliwog" encore were the most pleasing of his numbers. Schmitz is unquestionably one of the foremost artists of today.

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